The Sketch

No. 2554—Vol. CXCVII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

THE LATEST FILM-STAR.

BAMBI is the latest film-star. He and his rabbit friend, THUMPER, were due to make a first appearance in England this week, for August 9, at the New Gallery, was fixed for the première of the new Walt Disney, "Bambi," a picturisation in Technicolor of Felix Salten's best-seller novel. We gave two pages of "Bambi" stills in "The Sketch" dated July 1.

MOTLEY NOTES.

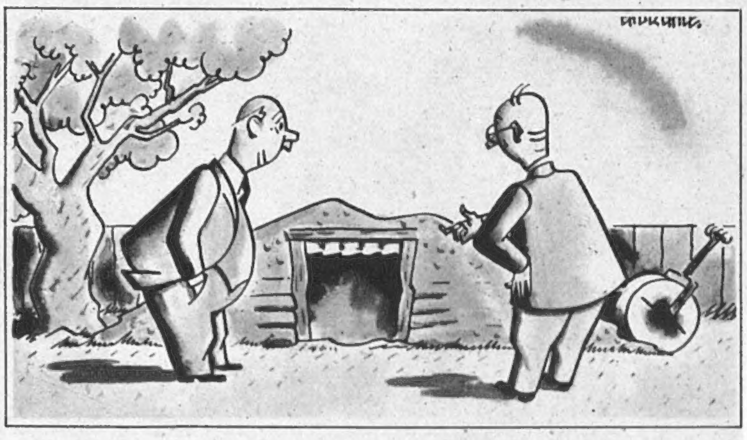
By ALAN KEMP.

Kill that Insect! Are you a rentier? Then, miserable parasite, prepare to meet thy doom! Mr. Bevin says he has always wanted to see you exterminated, and after this war you will be an extinct species—for of such is *not* the Kingdom of Bevin. What is the meaning of this nasty French term of abuse? Who is a rentier? Well, here is one picture of him. He is an idle, selfish excrescence on the community who waxes fat on "unearned increment." "Unearned," you will note; he is getting something for nothing; the only person, in this conception of economics, who "earns" anything is the man who works with his hands. All others are parasites and pariahs. Your bloated rentier just sits in unearned and undeserved luxury and draws dividends and cuts off coupons. Contributing nothing himself to the general wealth, he battens upon the honest toil of others. Away with him from the earth!

"I don't mind telling you I've spent a fortune on doctors." "Good gracious! Why ever didn't you come to me sooner?"

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

The Better Land. I venture, however, another picture of this execrated type. Here is an old gentleman—singularly unlike Mr. Low's spirited portraits of the Ruthless Rentier—who has had, during forty or fifty years of a hard-working life, a very modest income. He has fed, clothed and educated his family, paid his bills scrupulously and borne a heavy burden of taxation. By miracles of economy, he has saved enough capital to provide himself with bare subsistence in his old age. He lives on the interest of investments, his income, of course, being taxed all over again, now at 50 per cent. Miserable, grasping, parasitical rentier—annihilate him! Or perhaps he has bequeathed his ill-gotten gains to his widow, who has nothing else between her and starvation, or to his daughter, who is faced with that most dreadful of prospects, the lonely, penurious existence of an old, unwanted spinster. Well, abolish them too! And they *must* be abolished, if Mr. Bevin is to be satisfied, for they constitute a large proportion of those enemies of society, the rentiers. And, while you are about it, rejoice with Mr. Bevin over the extinction of our unscrupulous foreign investments, recking not that a country which has to import most of its food is bankrupt without foreign investments. But what does bankruptcy matter? We have the assurance of Lord Wedgwood that "there will not be so many poor after this war. We have altered all that." Let us take comfort, and prepare for the brave, new, rentier-less world where we shall all be fed, presumably, by the ravens or by manna from heaven.



"There it is, old man—safe as a house."

DRAWN BY CHURCHILL.

Sow's Ears. Anyhow, there is one thing the bloated rentier will be denied—he won't be able to send his sons to expensive boarding-schools to be trained in the demoralising tradition of the Old School Tie! The boarders and day-boys are at it again, cocking snooks and hurling uncomplimentary titles at each other. When I last took part in the controversy, I belonged to the despised class of day-boys, and yet I don't remember suffering from any particular inferiority complex. On the contrary, enjoying, as I did, a well-spiced mixture of school and home, I was conscious of a faint pity for the chain-gang of boarders. Ever since, it has been strongly hinted to me by all orthodox educationists that I should be a far, far better man than I am if I had had the character-forming influences of a boarding-school. I dare say it is true; it *has* occurred to me occasionally that there is room for improvement in my character—it may even have occurred to others besides myself—and yet I am unconvinced that the Arnold Tradition would have made me a less imperfect mortal than I am. I do not feel that there is any evidence that day schools necessarily lead to night clubs. Is it any use trying to lay down a general rule in this matter? Does it not all depend upon the individual, his temperament and his circumstances? Even admitting that the public schools are mass-producers of silk purses, there is room, and there is even necessity, for a sprinkling of sow's ears in the funny, old, mixed-up world.

"This customer never pays on our first monthly statement, Hawkins, so you might send this statement direct to the paper-salvage people." (DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.)

The Transit of Venus. And what of our girls? Are they to be brainy or beautiful? Both, you say? Yes, but it is almost as difficult to be brainy and beautiful as it is to be good and beautiful. Goodness and Grey Matter now have their chance with the feminine gender, for beauty is undoubtedly suffering a slump. There was a report the other day that face powder and talcum powder were to be "de-restricted" (charming word!). One manufacturer received, in a single week, 7000 orders by telegram, and another received 9,000. But alas! hard on the glad tidings came orders that the industry was to be "reconcentrated" (even more charming word!). By processes which are somewhat obscure to me, this appears to mean that there will be little or no powder after all. Little wonder that Lady Astor remarked in the House recently that the production of mirrors should be repressed "as they are discouraging during the war." Thus beauty is (too literally) discountenanced, and our girls can only envy the Oriental his privilege of saving face. In these circumstances, it is hardly kind of Mayor La Guardia to say that "British women are rose-cheeked and healthy, but somehow they can't seem to keep their stockings right." How little he understands! Give us the stockings, Mr. Mayor, and we will keep them right! Provided, of course, that they do not consist just of ladders held together by threads.

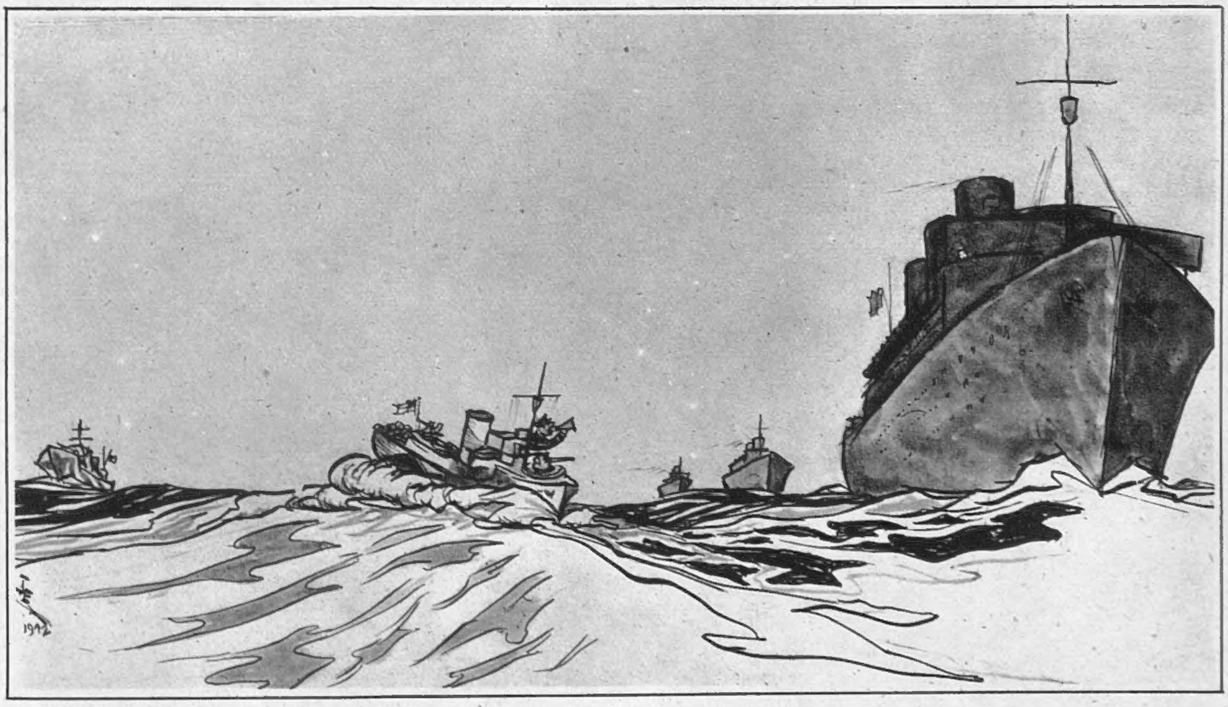
"Don't you think it would have been wiser to buy Alice a nice doll instead of a rattle?"

DRAWN BY ENDER.

To Have and to Hold.

And yet, if our girls are hampered in the cultivation of beauty, they seem to have lost little of their attraction for the opposite sex. There is no depression in the marriage market; on the contrary, there seem to be comparatively few men in the country who are content with the old-fashioned arrangement of double harness. So many highly-respectable bigamists are appearing before judges and juries now that it is becoming an awkward problem how to enforce the law of the land, which is strangely reactionary and narrow-minded in its interpretation of matrimony. Undoubtedly the really deterrent punishment would be to make every bigamist support both spouses for ever more, but the law is too merciful for that. A few more years of war, and bigamy will develop into polygamy, for it is well known at the Old Bailey that bigamy is a habit-forming drug. And the habit, I fear, is not confined to one sex; candour compels me to record, though reluctantly, that there is such a thing as drawing two or three separation allowances. Ah, well! no doubt the allowance, in such circumstances, softens the separation; and, after all, *some* compensations must be permitted in these difficult times.

Suckers All. And one of them, beyond question, is sweetmeats. This lucubration has just been interrupted by the incursion of a junior member of my household, loaded with paper bags (each one probably a criminal offence). Emancipated this very day from school—a gentleman of leisure for many weeks—he was sent to garner the family's rations of sweets for a month. I wish I observed the same alacrity in other errands which he is sometimes asked to perform. The spoils which he has brought back in triumph make me ask myself whether there is really a war on and whether our ships are really sinking. Even if they are, I shall not be able to resist a raspberry drop occasionally, and this weakness I seem to share with the entire British nation. Never till I saw the chocolate queues in this war did I realise the British hunger for lollipops. I have not attempted, and I will not attempt, to master the system of rationing; I will just take what my youngers and betters allow me, of their charity, and be thankful. And when I *do* assert myself—well, sweets are invaluable aids to parental discipline. There is more moral value in a sweet withheld than in all your old-fashioned straps, slippers and birches. I wonder if Lord Woolton has thought of that? If he will ponder on it, perhaps he will increase the ration.



". . . Have you a billiard-table vacant between tea and supper?"

DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.

Tempering the Wind. Anyhow, he is very cheerful about the sugar prospects. I read in an omniscient newspaper that "you will get sugar in your tea and sugar in your jam just as long as this war lasts." Last year, I learn, we produced half-a-million tons of beet sugar, and this year another 55,000 acres of sugar-beet will be grown. I should have supposed this to be almost adequate, if I had not seen those

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chocolate queues; anyhow, it will do to be going on with. Now I wonder if Lord Woolton could not relent about the ice-cream? Surely, my Lord, you do not wish to be known among millions of nice little girls and boys as Wicked Woolton? You are not ambitious to out-Herod Herod? And let me add, returning to my former point, that if a chocolate can do much to support parental authority, an ice-cream can do even more in the system of rewards and punishments. You cannot desire to go down to history as the underminer of the home? Look to 't, my good lord!

Hearth and Home. If there is sweetness, there is also light—yea, and heat! How are you going to manage about that, with Major Lloyd George watching every cobble of coal that you put on the fire? There was one of this name who, in a former dark hour, kept the home fires burning; would that his scion did not have to keep them merely smouldering! He is to have power to determine "the purposes for which, or the circumstances in which, fuel is to be supplied, used or consumed, and the periods during which it may or may not be supplied, used or consumed." This seems a fairly ample charter; and, to make everything hotsy-totsy, policemen are to have power to walk into your house and arrest you if you put on the grate a piece of fuel of more than the regulation size, quality, specific gravity and calorific index. Look out, too, for your wattage and voltage, tonnage and poundage were child's-play by comparison. Meanwhile, we have all had forms to fill up. Unfortunately, I happen to live in a house to which hardly a single item on the form applies without a great deal of explanation and qualification (for which, of course, there is no room). I have humbly asked for instructions, and hourly expect the police.

The Lure of the Gridiron. As for the kind of fuel which we used to know as petrol, 'tis now but a memory of a romantic past. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my motoring! I should like to compose a new "Arab's Farewell to his Car": "My beautiful, my beautiful, who stands't so meekly by," but I can't remember how it goes on, and all I can think of is: Your tyres are flat, your battery's dead, your petrol's all run dry! Or perhaps: You're crocked for the duration, and so, methinks, am I! I must now take to the bicycle which I bought at the outbreak, and which I have used all too little. That is, if I can keep it. It seems to be almost more difficult to keep a bicycle than an umbrella or a fickle woman. Chains, padlocks and triple bronze are no good at all. The sorriest old gridiron is more tempting to light fingers than grandfather's gold Albert or grandmother's half-hoop. My suggestion is that bicycles should be fitted with a powerful electrical device. Any unauthorised person touching the machine would be instantly electrocuted. This would not only protect property, but give lively satisfaction to bicycle-owners.

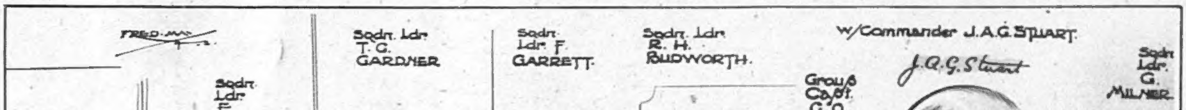
Class Consciousness. "Who," asked Mr. Maxton recently, "wants to spend a holiday at Blackpool?" The answer seems to be that half the population of the North of England has this strange urge. Not, mind you, that I have a word to say against Blackpool: I have excellent authority for saying that it is "noted for fresh air and foon": and I don't want a spate of letters from indignant Blackpudlians protesting that I have no soul for beauty. It is only that—well, wasn't there something about holidays at home? And about your journey being really necessary? But the seaside, they say, is crowded to suffocation; and there must be a great many people travelling on important business, for it is only a Rugby footballer in good training who can get on to a train nowadays. As for the simple souls who pay first-class fares for the privilege of jamming up the corridor or nestling among the milk-cans, you can be quite sure that they are travelling at Government expense. Nobody else would be such a mug.

"Well, if Central Control are right, this ought to be Tottenham Court Road."

DRAWN BY HAWKSTONE.

WASTE-PAPER CHASE.

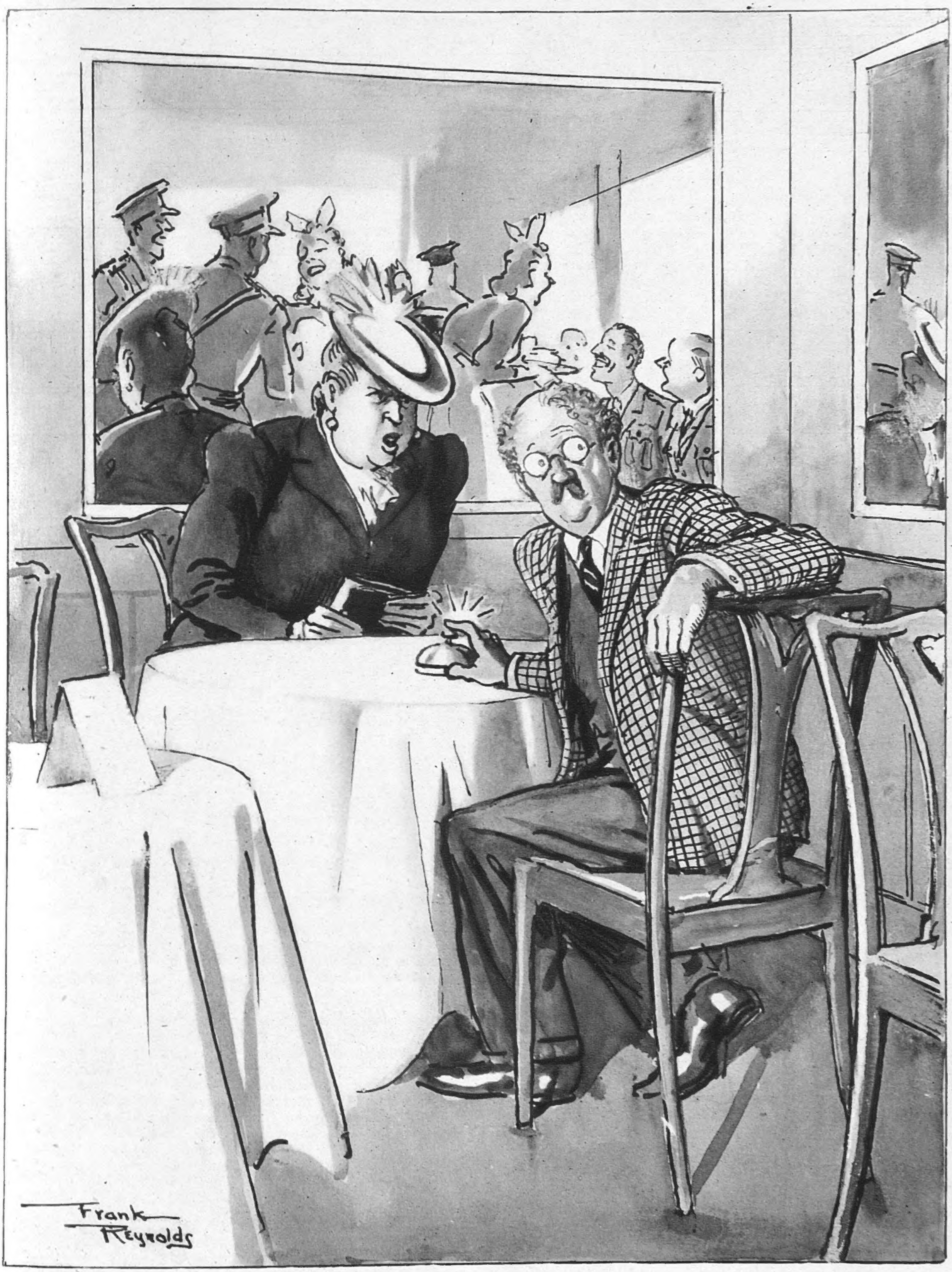
Don't get blasé over this exceedingly important question of SAVING PAPER FOR MUNITIONS. In one form or another, this notice may be found in every issue of "THE SKETCH," to jog your memory, so that you will never allow yourself to slacken up in the good work you are doing. The children will find it great fun to help you. Every scrap of paper counts. See that the Salvage Man gets it all.



After our artist had caricatured those present at an INTELLIGENCE CONFERENCE OF THE R.A.F. *his victims recorded unanimous approval of the results by each signing his own "portrait."*

DRAWN BY FRED MAY.

The forty-third of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

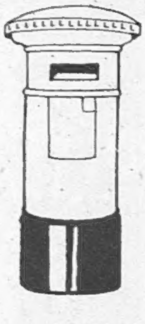


"IT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH BEING IN THE FORCES—YOU JUST LACK *MAGNETISM!*"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—I have been having headaches. Evensong, who suffers dreadfully in her head, said they were nothing. I thought they were quite bad, but whenever I mentioned them to Charles, he said fretfully: " For goodness' sake don't let 's have Illness in the Home " ; so at last I put on a hat and went and sat in his Waiting-room with all the other patients. Even that wasn't a great success, because the Patients said: " You won't mind if I go before you, will you, because you can see dear Doctor Browne at any time, and I 'm in such a hurry." So that, in the end, I was the only one left, and Charles rushed in and said: " I 'm awfully sorry, Henrietta, but I can't stop now. You must come another time."

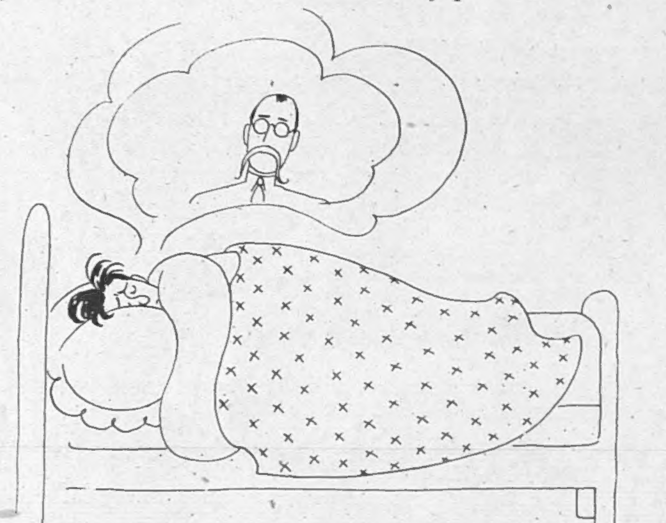
When the Linnet came home for some leave, I told her about my headaches. The Linnet, who is a sympathetic child, listened with attention, and when Charles came in she said, in a sort of Nurse's voice: " I think Mummy 's got neurasthenia."

" Then she 'd better go and see Knox," said Charles, in a relieved voice.

Knox is the eminent Psychiatrist who heals the mentally unstable in our Cathedral Town. Knox isn't his real name. We call him that because he is a Nervo specialist, from which you will gather, dear Robert, that this family is not yet cured of its habit of making poor jokes.

The following Wednesday I was shown into the hushed stillness of Knox's exquisite Waiting-room. I sat there in great contentment. I was a Patient at last. I hadn't enjoyed such a luxury for years.

A secretary with a face like a Madonna stole silently into the room. " Will you come this way, Mrs. Browne," she said, with a gentle smile, and I tip-toed into the Presence.



" ' I dreamt that Charles had grown a long, drooping moustache.' "

" My dear Henrietta," said Knox. " I am delighted to see you, but what brings you here ? "

" I 've got neurasthenia," I said proudly.

" Dear me ! " said Knox in his kindly way ; " and how have you managed to get that ? "

" Do you think it might be the War ? "

" It's a possibility."

Knox's room was cool and dim, and the Patients' Chair a cradle of billowing comfort. After answering one or two sympathetic questions about the children, Matins, Evensong, and Shopping in the Street, my tongue was loosened and a torrent of words poured from my lips. Knox listened with the deepest attention. From time to time he made an attempt to say something himself, but I waved him aside and swept onwards, borne on the torrent of my own loquacity. I was a Patient with neurasthenia, and I had often heard Charles say that they did nothing but talk about themselves. Well, here was my chance. It might never occur again, and I was going to make the best of it.

" My blood ran cold at the sight of her."

At the end of an hour, I paused for breath, and Knox rang the bell and asked the secretary to bring me a glass of water.

" ' I can't stop now.' "

" All you have told me is very interesting," he said.

" Is it ? " I said in a hoarse voice, and opened my mouth to begin again.

" Tell me," said Knox quickly, " do you ever have dreams ? "

" Often." " Peculiar dreams ? "

" Very peculiar. I once dreamt that I went to put something in the oven, and there, curled up on the bottom shelf, was a teeny little kangaroo. And another time I dreamt that Charles had grown a long, drooping moustache."

" Nothing more peculiar than that ? "

" If you don't think a small kangaroo in the gas-cooker peculiar, I do."

" Perhaps," said Knox sadly, and wrote it down in his little book.

" She looks very flushed and excited, doesn't she ? " said the Linnet, when I got home. " Was it nice, darling ? "

" It was *lovely*."

" Have you got back to the Bee and the Pollen yet ? " said Charles.

" I suppose you know you 'll fall in love with the Doctor," said the Linnet. " They all do."

" It's a very humiliating thought," I said.

" Oh, I don't know," said the Linnet. " I think Knox is rather sweet."

" He 's very sweet. But having everything you say written down in a little book and typed out by the Secretary afterwards is not my idea of a good love-affair."

" I see what you mean," said the Linnet.

Yesterday, after my fourth visit, when I was drifting about our Cathedral Town in a happy maze, waiting for a bus, I ran into Pops Filligan, who asked me to come in and have a drink. When I got there, it turned out to be quite a party, and the first person I saw was Knox's Madonna Secretary. My blood ran cold at the sight of her. Here was the woman who had typed the outpourings of my stricken soul for the last month. She knew all about the kangaroo in the gas-oven, and the violent but unexpressed and unrequited love for the Curate at school, and how I want to scream when Charles makes the same mistake every time he whistles " Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes," and my peculiar dislike of Aunt Phœbe.

" Have you met Miss March ? " said Pops.

I opened my mouth and made a small bleating sound like a sheep.

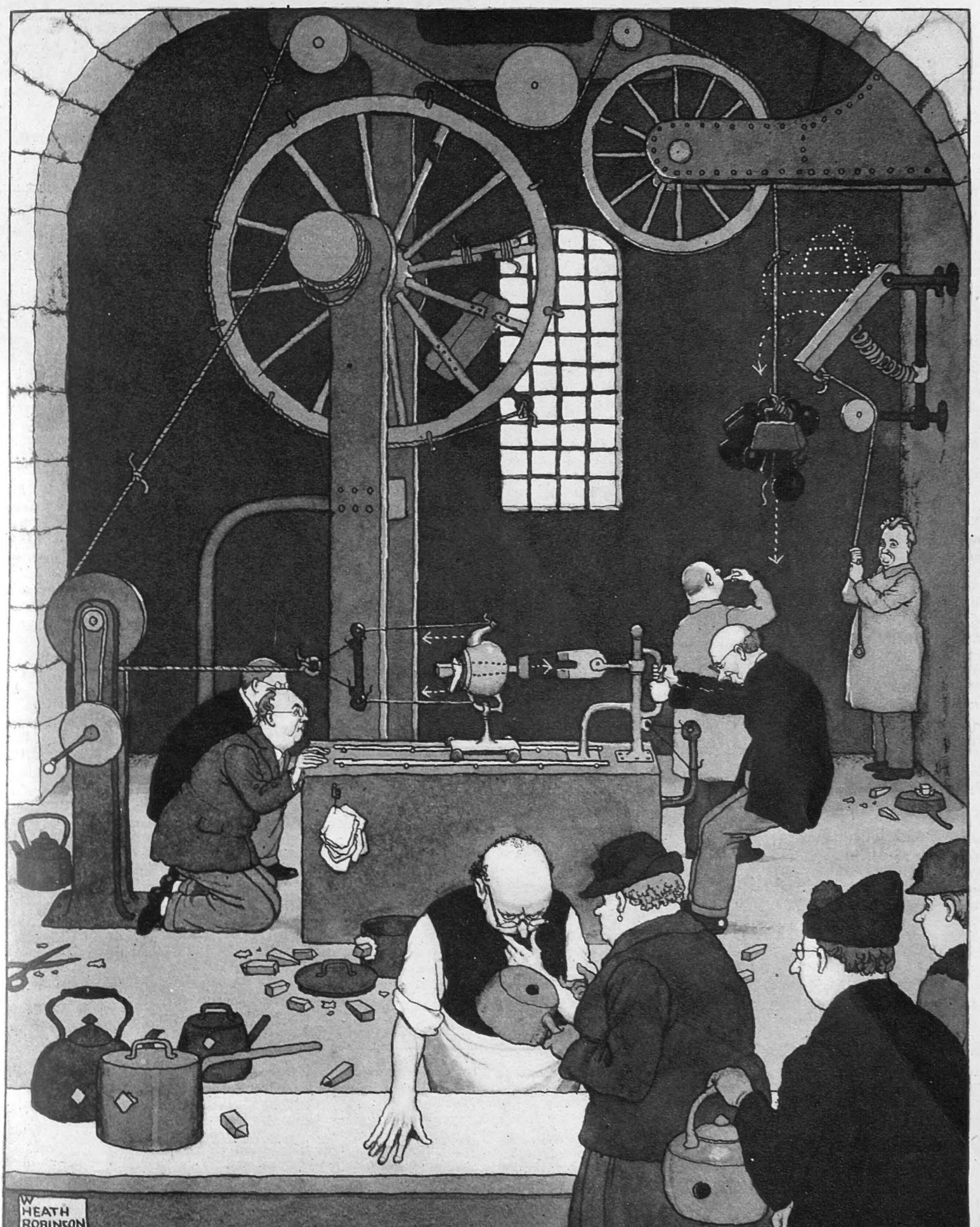
" I don't think we have met," said Miss March firmly.

I wonder why it is that Doctors always seem to get such good secretaries ?

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

P.S.—My headaches have gone.



"THE SKETCH" BRAINS TRUST—NO. 6.

The week's poser : " HOW DO YOU PUT A SQUARE PEG INTO A ROUND HOLE ? " *The cynic says :* " *Don't worry—life does it for you !* " *But Heath Robinson has a more ingenious theory—his trembling square pegs are drawn irresistibly to their appointed doom by an elaborate and quite credible magnetic apparatus. And now, please,* YOUR *problem for our solution.*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

FRIENDS who have recently come back from America assure me that "EAGLE SQUADRON" (Leicester Square) is an "important" picture, emphasising the solidarity of Anglo-American relations. Whether that is any justification for the film to be relatively unimportant as a work of art I don't know, but it is as good a reason as any other for putting it at the head of this page.

"Eagle Squadron" was made in Hollywood, with certain aerial and location shots done here, sent over to America, and "cut in" to the studio material. A foreword, written and spoken by Quentin Reynolds, introduces a few of the real-life members of America's Eagle Squadron, some who are still flying with the R.A.F., others who are prisoners of war, or have been killed in action. "This," says Mr. Reynolds, in his growly-wowly voice, "is the story of some of our countrymen who did not wait to be stabbed in the back. . . . They quit their college classrooms, they left their jobs, and went to England, where they became famous as The Eagle Squadron. This England of peaceful countrysides, of lush meadows and winding streams" (pictures of lush meadows and winding streams) "made them welcome. . . . They asked no favours. They stood on their own. The Eagle Squadron became respected in the R.A.F. as one of the finest of fighter squadrons."

The film itself does make a sincere attempt to adjust the relations of the two countries, to show how the American flyers gradually came to realise that what seemed like coldness and callousness on the part of the British was merely another way of expressing their own viewpoint. There is no doubt that "Eagle Squadron," as a social document, has its heart in the right place, but I cannot think that, as an entertainment, it would have been any the worse for a better story.

Chuck Brewer (Robert Stack) is another of those heroes who persistently Misunderstand. A test pilot, who comes over to England to join the Eagle Squadron, he misunderstands the apparent indifference of the British flyers to their comrades' deaths. He misunderstands his British Squadron Leader, Paddy Carson (John Loder). And most regrettably he misunderstands Anne Partridge (Diana Barrymore), a W.A.A.F. attached to the Eagle Squadron as radio operator. Chuck loves Anne, but for some obscure reason, known only to studio script-writers, imagines her to be playing him false with Paddy Carson. We, who have seen the thing so many times before, realise that Anne's relations with the Squadron Leader are merely sisterly. In point of fact, he is her cousin, and the two are engaged in trying to trace Anne's father, Sir John Partridge, who has rather oddly joined the R.A.F. under an assumed name as a rear-gunner.

Anne's courage in protecting evacuated children during a machine-gun attack, and her heroism in saving blind patients from a burning hospital during a London "blitz," eventually open Chuck's eyes, but he cannot persuade her to marry him. A stern realist, but a little silly too, we feel, she answers, "If I let myself love you, and you were killed, what should I have left? How could I carry on, and do what little I can for England?"

However, the script-writers, and the High Command, soon put that right. They order a combined services commando raid on an airfield in Occupied France. The objective is a new secret fighter 'plane, the "Leopard," which the Germans are using to deadly effect. In some sort of odd invasion barges, rather like horse-boxes, the commando sails for France. At the height of the raid, a Polish flyer of the Eagle Squadron, another who Misunderstands, shouts abuse at the Nazi sentries, and the Commando is recalled. Chuck and his Squadron Leader stay behind. The Squadron Leader dies, picking off Germans with his machine-gun. Chuck, stopping just long enough to observe, "When this war started, England didn't mean a thing to me. Now I know," grabs the "Leopard" just as it is warming up. Shooting down three Messerschmitts on the way, he flies it home, prudently radioing the airfield, "Anne, honey chile, I still think you ought to marry me."

Last scene of all shows Chuck and Anne receiving decorations for their feats. Paddy, too, gets a posthumous award. Rear-gunner Sir John Partridge, I ought to have told you, is dead, dying peacefully outside that very hospital where Anne performs her amazing rescue, without benefit of the nursing staff, the Fire Service, or the A.R.P. personnel. "Eagle Squadron" is at its best in the flying sequences, and when it uses the material shot in this country. I can't help feeling, though, that the very realism of these scenes, the glimpses of English fields and rivers and skylines, accents the unreality of the Hollywood stuff. "Eagle Squadron," as a whole, may be the England that America wants to see, but it isn't the England that the English recognise.

Two interesting débuts mark the film. One is that of Diana Barrymore, John's daughter, in her first screen rôle. Miss Barrymore is unpractised yet, but she has gravity, charm, and a remarkably pleasant diction. The other is the tiny performance of five-year-old Simon Tarquin Olivier, Laurence Olivier's son. The boy's mother, Jill Esmond, now in Hollywood, agreed to his appearance in the film, so that his father, in the Fleet Air Arm, might see and hear him.

Away from the war, without a message of any kind, just refreshing, gay and tuneful, is "HOLIDAY INN" (Plaza), with Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby. It is difficult to convey on paper the engaging quality of this piece. Rather in the mood of "Top Hat" and "The Gay Divorce," it has a touch of sentiment, that is not ill-timed. Expertly danced, expertly sung, "Holiday Inn" is on the comic side, but there is just a tear or two to keep it salty. Ted Hanover and Jim Hardy (Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby) are partners in a song-and-dance act. But there is a third partner, a girl (Virginia Dale), and Mr. Astaire shows a regrettable tendency to cut Mr. Crosby out with the girl. So Jim, indolent anyway, retires to an old farmhouse somewhere in Connecticut, where he can smoke his pipe at ease, and wear his oldest clothes, and compose his Irving Berlin numbers without fear of interruption.

But country life all the year round can pall. And Jim decides to fit up his farmhouse as an inn and throw it open on public holidays, for "Dancing, Entertainment and Home Cooking." He has written special music for each holiday, and Santa Claus sends him a charming partner out of the snow. This girl, Linda (Marjorie Reynolds), is just a home body at heart, but she knows how to wear her gowns, she can dance and sing. The stunt catches on. The gossip columns take it

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler and Judy Campbell. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

*Cambridge: "AWAKE AND SING." Revival, with Lilian Kann, Vivienne Bennett, Martin Miller, Denys Blakelock.

**Coliseum: "MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Revival, with Sonnie Hale; Elsie Randolph.

**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." Raymond Lovell, well supported.

**Duchess: "LIFELINE." First-rate acting in play on the Merchant Navy. Frank Pettingell, Arthur Sinclair, Terence de Marney.

**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver, Jeanne Ravel.

**His Majesty's: "BIG TOP." Cochran's latest, with Beatrice Lillie, Cyril Ritchard, Fred Emney, Madge Elliott, Patricia Burke.

**New: The Old Vic Shakespeare Company.

**Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park: Season of Shakespeare.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Ben Lyon, Vera Lynn.

**Phœnix: "SKY HIGH" Revue. Hermiones Baddeley and Gingold; Walter Crisham; Naunton Wayne; Elizabeth Welch.

*Piccadilly: "MACBETH." John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies.

**Prince of Wales: "NO ORCHIDS FOR MISS BLANDISH." Well-produced, slick gangsterism. Hartley Power, Linden Travers, Robert Newton.

***St. James's: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton, Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.

*St. Martin's: "RAIN." Revival, with Wanda Rotha, G. H. Mulcaster.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Stoll: "ROSE MARIE." Revival, with Marjorie Browne; Phyllis Monkman; Raymond Newell.

*Strand: "REBECCA." Revival, with Owen Nares.

**Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

"TWIN BEDS" *(Odeon, August 14), comedy, has in its title the cause of the trouble between Mike Abbott* (GEORGE BRENT) *and his wife Julie* (JOAN BENNETT). *Nicolai Cherupin* (MISCHA AUER), *Russian singer, is another. He and his wife live in the same apartment house as the Abbotts, and are a source of continual irritation and jealousy to Mike, not least when Nic takes an overdose of "Cossacks' Kisses" and mistakes their flat for his own.*

By mistake Nicolai gets into Mike's bed and leaping out when the owner comes in, hides in a chest. Julie's dog thinks it awful fun, and gets in too, while Mike storms round the flat after Nicolai, feeling sure he is Julie's lover.

up. "Holiday Inn," writes some Winchell or other, "opens to-night; don't ask why: just go, and God Bless America."

Counting Presidents' birthdays, there are fifteen holidays in the year in America. Long before Independence Day, Jim and Linda are in love. But by this time Ted Hanover has turned up at the Inn, and tries to cut Jim out all over again. By Thanksgiving, Ted and Linda are in Hollywood, making a film of "Holiday Inn." One of those Great Misunderstandings almost leads the pair to Yuma and a marriage licence, but Jim arrives in Hollywood just in time. In a big romantic scene—that sure-fire scene that never misses—Jim steals on to the set just as Linda is singing his favourite song. And every sentimentalist in the audience will quietly dab his eyes as the pair are reunited to a nostalgic, yearning, Irving Berlin number called "White Christmas."

"SALUTE JOHN CITIZEN" *(Carlton, August 17), is almost another "Mrs. Miniver" made-on-the-spot. The Bunting family are celebrating Evie's wedding when the air-raid siren sounds.* MABEL CONSTANDUROS *as Mrs. Bunting is seen to the left of the bride Evie* (DIANA SHERIDAN), *with Mr. Bunting* (E. RIGBY) *standing up to toast the couple. Ernest, the bridegroom, is* JIMMY HANLEY.

If you prefer your comedy straight, without music, there is "THE TUTTLES OF TAHITI" (Regal). "The Tuttles" is just a gala performance for Charles Laughton, who puts every trick he knows into this slaphappy story of a roguish beachcomber and his large, large family. Jonas Tuttle (Charles Laughton) lives with his mother and children and grandchildren and cousins and nephews and nieces—hundreds and hundreds of Tuttles there seem to be—in an untidy, rambling house in Tahiti. The Tuttles are always in debt, always borrowing, "for the last time," from a kindly French doctor (Victor Francen), who seems to be the only responsible person in Tahiti. The entire film—except for a slender love-story between a Tuttle son (Jon Hall) and a girl of the islands (Peggy Drake)—is concerned with the Tuttle finances—how they get money and how they lose it—how they are constantly on the verge of ruin, saved again and again by some unexpected windfall when they seem to have come to the end of their resources. Behind every scheme, leader of every enterprise, is the wheedling, graceless, and yet oddly ingenuous Jonas. Even his grandchildren call him by his Christian name. He is at once the head of the family and an irresponsible child.

Mr. Laughton, as you may imagine, throws himself heart and soul into this interpretation. Pattering through the film on bare feet, in an old vest and slacks, and a battered straw hat, he seems entirely uninhibited and, one would say, entirely happy. There is never the slightest doubt about his mastery of the part. Possibly Jonas Tuttle is not a character worth the skill lavished on him, but the skill is indisputable.

Technicolor scenes of target practice out in the Pacific provide the best moments of "TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI" (Gaumont), a film which never gets nearer Tripoli than the San Diego Naval Base in California. These scenes, with the great targets riding the sea like gigantic hoardings, the flash of the big ships' guns, and the spray and timbers flying, are new and memorable, something that the story certainly isn't.

"To the Shores of Tripoli" deals with the barrack life and training of the Marines. John Payne is the young cub of a recruit who has to learn the meaning of discipline, and Randolph Scott, looking very smart in uniform, and obviously well up in his military drill, is the Sergeant who teaches him. Maureen O'Hara, hovering somewhere on the horizon of this world of men, is a Lootenant in the Nurse Corps. The Nurse Corps wears plucked eyebrows, crimson lip-stick, and a delicate shade of blue-brown eye-shadow, but on duty, I am glad to say, refrains from lacquering its finger-nails.

The Soviet season at the Tatler varies its sober routine with a refreshing little musical comedy called "VOLGA-VOLGA." The piece is five years old, and in some ways recalls an even earlier school of film-making, the Lillian Harvey musicals of the days of "Le Chemin du Paradis." A very slim story describes the trip by paddle-steamer to Moscow of a group of Soviet peasants, all musicians, all passionately set on winning a prize for their collective at a Moscow music festival. Their entry is a song written by the village post-girl, and such complications as the plot has concern the loss of the band parts, and the post-girl.

"Volga-Volga," I should say, is about as near escapist entertainment as it is possible for the Soviet film-makers to come. Gay, relaxed, and apparently informal, it has a curiously deliberate stylisation. The director, Alexandrov, knows what he is doing. Trained in the classical school as assistant director to Eisenstein, he has developed on independent lines the fundamentals taught him by his master. Harlequinade, or something nearly approaching it, is his forte, and it is rumoured that Eisenstein retired to bed for three weeks when he learnt what his young disciple was up to. It is odd to see the knockabout clowning of "Volga-Volga," combined with the lyric photography—intriguing glimpses of the Volga, beautiful shots of the canal approaches to Moscow seen from the paddle-boat. A curious, wayward film, "Volga-Volga," but one with a marked character of its own.

Corder (GEORGE ROBEY) *gives his life for his friend Bunting* (E. RIGBY), *hunting for him during a raid. Here they are making their usual morning underground journey to "the office."*

CAMERA REVIEW OF WARTIME LIFE AND NOTABLE PEOPLE.

Love ignores the Luftwaffe ! CAPTAIN IAN HAMILTON SHEARER, R.A., *and* MISS JANET A. COURTICE *were married in Malta G.C. They drove off in one of the island "garrys."*

Christening party : COLONEL LORD LOVAT, M.C., LAURA LADY LOVAT, LADY PHIPPS, *th* HON. MRS. ALAN PHIPPS *and* BABY JEREMY JULIAN JOSEPH, LIEUT. A. PHIPPS, R.N. *and* SUSAN PHIPPS, LADY LOVAT *and* SIR ERIC PHIPPS. *Mrs. Alan Phipps was th Hon. Veronica Fraser. She is a sister of Lord Lovat.*

Right : MISS DAPHNE SINCLAIR SCOTT, *younger daughter of Mr. Cedric Sinclair Scott, Stroove, Skelmorlie, Ayrshire, is engaged to Paymaster Lieut. Edward Donald Price, R.N., son of the late Mr. F. E. Price, F.R.C.S.* (HARLIP.)

LORD SHERWOOD, MRS. CHARLES SWEENY, MAJOR A. HUSKISSON, M.C., *and* SI JOCELYN LUCAS, M.C., M.P., *attended the lunch in honour of the Belgian Forces a Simpson's Services Club.*

CLARE BOOTHE, *in private life Mrs. Luce, author of the play "The Women," and of the much-discussed political review of the early war days, "European Spring," on the terrace of Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo.*

DR. BENES *decorated* SQ. LDR. J. A. F. MACLACHLAN, D.S.O., D.F.C., WIN COMMANDER *the* HON. MAX AITKEN, D.F.C., *and* FLT. LIEUT. KAREL KUTTE WASCHER, D.F.C., AND BAR, *with the highest Czech military honour, th Czechoslovak War Cross 1939. Flt. Lieut. Kuttelwascher has received the Cros five times. Bars are not awarded, as in the case of British honours.*

BRIDES, BRIDEGROOMS, A CHRISTENING AND AWARDS.

MISS VERONICA INNES, *of the Air Transport Auxiliary, daughter of Major G. V. d'A. Innes, is engaged to F.-O. Gerard Volkersz, Royal Netherlands Naval Air Service.* (PARK.)

MISS ANN BROCKBANK, *daughter of Mrs. Brockbank, The Manor House, Steeple Langford, Salisbury, is engaged to Captain John Pelham Mann, Scots Guards.*

SURGEON-LIEUT. REWCASTLE, *the only woman surgeon in the Royal Navy, attended the "Eagle Squadron" première at the Leicester Square Theatre.*

The marriage of MISS BETTY STOCKFELD, *the actress and film star, whose first picture was "What Price Glory?", to* COMMANDER AUBREY ST. JOHN EDWARDS, R.N., *took place recently in London.*

MRS. ROBERT HEBER-PERCY, *formerly Miss Jennifer Fry, is the only child of Sir Geoffrey Fry, Bt., and of the Hon. Lady Fry.* (GOODMAN.)

Left: LADY JERSEY *and* AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR C. COURTNEY *at the "Eagle Squadron" première, preceded by an inspection of A.T.C. Cadets by Air Chief-Marshal Sir W. Mitchell.*

AIR GUNNER JOHN LEE THOMPSON, *author of the new thriller, "Murder Without Crime," is saying good-bye to* RAYMOND LOVELL *and other members of the cast at the Comedy, before going back to duty after his special leave.*

EAGLE SQUADRON PILOTS *at the première of "Eagle Squadron," talking to some of the A.T.C. Cadets present. The gala was in aid of the Corps Fund, and many distinguished R.A.F. personalities attended.*

The pupils of the Convent School of Our Lady of Sion file down to dinner led by ELISABETH DE GAULLE as "angel" or prefect of St. Joseph's class.

The fire-fighting party goes up a rope ladder, led by Elisabeth with the bucket; the girl next below her takes the hose up, the others steady the ladder.

After a good morning's work, Elisabeth enjoys her lunch with the other girls of Fighting France, in the oak-panelled room of this typical English country house.

DAUGHTER OF FIGHTING FRANCE: ELISABETH DE GAULLE.

ELISABETH DE GAULLE, daughter of the Fighting French leader, is at school in this country. She was born in Paris in May 1924, and attended the Couvent Notre Dame de Sion there. When France collapsed, her mother took her aboard the last British troopship from Brest, and they arrived in England in June 1940. Neither of them knew General de Gaulle had preceded them declaring his intention to gather together all free Frenchmen to fight to the end. When the "blitz" was at its height, Elisabeth was sent down to the Convent of our Lady of Sion—a branch of her old school in this country, standing in lovely grounds. She soon learnt to speak and write English fluently; a keen and interested worker, her favourite subjects are Latin and history, but she is fond of games, and plays lacrosse, cricket and rounders. She is on the committee of the literary and debating society, is preparing for the Oxford Higher School Certificate, and hopes to go to Oxford later.

Writing a letter to "cher Papa"—General de Gaulle—whose photograph is on her desk.

On their way to chapel, the pupils are headed by some of the youngest girls. Elisabeth is third from the front on the left.

ROYAL BIRTHDAYS GROUP.

This delightful Royal family group of THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN *with their daughters* T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* PRINCESS MARGARET *has a birthday interest, for Princess Margaret will be twelve years old on Friday, August 21, and last week the Queen celebrated her forty-second birthday. The dog in the foreground is a Shih-Tzu, or Tibetan Lion dog, called Ming. It was bred by the King, who acquired its sire, Chu-Chu, some years ago. Shih-Tzus are enchanting pets, graceful, intelligent, and most courageous. Their long, silky hair is black and white, and though several people in this country own specimens, the breed is still comparatively rare over here.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO LISA.

Zoological research continues in the London Zoo laboratory. PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY and COLONEL A. E. HAMERTON (Lab. Chief and O.C. Zoo's A.R.P. First Aid) watch ASSISTANT H. CORBETT at the microscope.

Young England's tastes are still catered for : Here PROFESSOR HUXLEY, the secretary, is chatting with KEEPER MILNE, who drives the team of Shetland ponies in the tiny carriage.

THE London Zoo is now thoroughly war-minded. Besides keeping up its pre-war business of exhibiting animals and furthering the cause of zoology, it now shows Londoners how to raise more food. At the exhibition opened on Bank Holiday by the Duke of Norfolk, model pig-stics, hen-houses, and rabbit-hutches may be studied and householders learn how best to raise stock and grow food in backyards! Professor Julian Huxley, of Brains Trust fame, is now reinstalled as Secretary, after settlement of the prolonged discussion in regard to his appointment, and our pages of photographs show him in his domain. The lions still roar over their rations, but there are many special wartime alterations. The Reptile House, for instance, is peopled with rabbits, 500 head of poultry cackle and cluck near the parrot house, and the Pig Club porkers have ousted the wart-hogs from their enclosure. The Ministry of Agriculture is co-operating with the Zoo's big effort, and a model dairy farm in the gardens is the latest project. In the meantime, many pictorial and practical illustrations of how to increase food production are given.

The okapi, presented by King Leopold of the Belgians, is one of the most valuable animals in the London Zoo. PROFESSOR HUXLEY is tempting him with the kind of tree-top salad he prefers.

The secretary in his office : A new study of PROFESSOR JULI[AN] HUXLEY standing under Collier's portrait of his distinguish[ed] grandfather, the late Professor T. H. Huxley.

THE LONDON ZOO BECOMES WAR-MINDED: SECRETARY H

N.B. Colour pl...

H... a star family raised by the Zoo employees' pig club. PROFESSOR HUXLEY *a...* G. R. DOUBLEDAY *(left), Public Relations officer, are inspecting them and registering admiration.*

Vegetarian diet of non-rationed foods provides meals for the tropical birds. Diet is difficult, but HEAD KEEPER TANNER *knows exactly how to manage.* PROFESSOR HUXLEY *watches approvingly.*

The collection of technical books forms one of the most valuable features of the London Zoo. LIBRARIAN G. B. STRATTON *(on ladder) has just looked out a volume for* PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

The Zoo not only keeps pigs, poultry and goats, but makes researches to help the war against the many insect pests which damage crops. MR. LEONARD BUSHBY, *Curator of the Insect Section, is exhibiting specimens to* PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

HUXLEY SUPERVISES CATERING AND INSPECTS PORKERS.

...erted in this issue.

MARLENE ALL MATERNAL WITH A FILM WONDER BABY.

"THE LADY IS WILLING" *is* MARLENE DIETRICH'S *new picture, due at the Regal on August 16. She plays Elizabeth Madden, Broadway star and eccentric, all glitter and glamour.*

But Elizabeth Madden does not always glitter. Here she is looking most domestic with Kenneth Hanline (STANLEY RIDGES) *and Baby Corey* (DAVID JAMES), *the baby she has kidnapped.*

What could be more domestic than Elizabeth Madden pram-pushing for Baby Corey—with a retinue of one poodle and three commissionaires, and an admiring audience?

Broadway star Elizabeth Madden in a milk bar! She meets Dr. Corey McBain (FRED MACMURRAY), *and contracts a business marriage with him, so that he can get on with his research and she has a better legal status as a baby-adopter.*

Elizabeth Madden's marriage to Dr. Corey McBain started on a business footing, but of course it finishes up as a real romantic love match. Baby Corey looks satisfied with the way things are going.

IN "THE LADY IS WILLING" Marlene Dietrich combines domesticity and glamorous glitter. As Elizabeth Madden, the Broadway star, she is the complete siren and vamp, but a rush of maternal feeling makes her kidnap a baby. In order legally to adopt the infant, she makes a marriage of convenience with Dr. Corey McBain. He 's to go on with his research and she will combine stage success and pram-pushing; but things don't work out that way, for of course Love Steps In, and the business contract finishes up as a full-size love match. David James as Baby Corey divides acting honours with the stars.

MARLENE DIETRICH, *as the Broadway star who marries Dr. Corey McBain as a business arrangement, and then falls in love.*

"JUKE GIRL" ANN SHERIDAN, OF CAT TAIL, FLA.

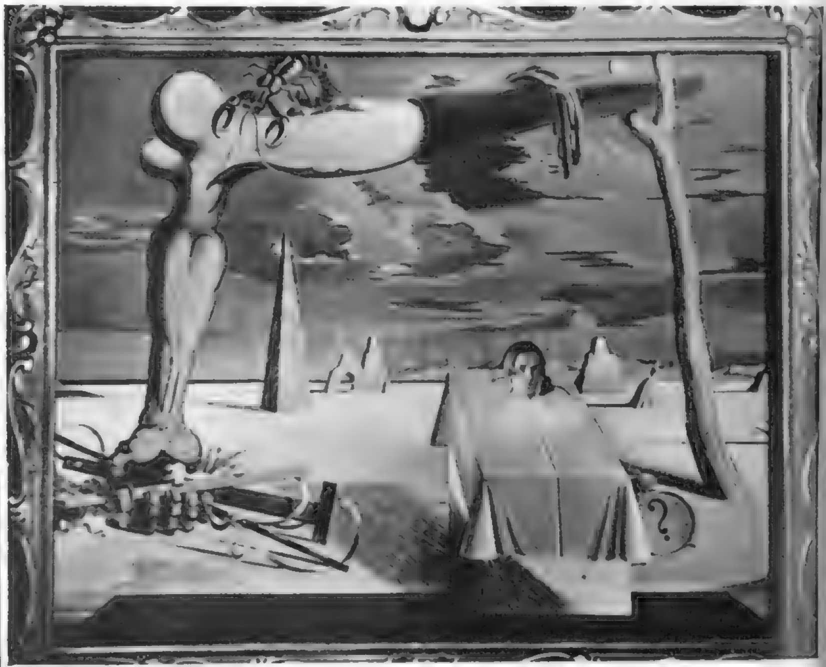
ANN SHERIDAN'S *new picture, due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on August 7, has the somewhat cryptic title of* "JUKE GIRL." *This just means "dance hostess," and as Lola Mears, Ann Sheridan plays the dance hostess at Muckeye's amusement palace in Cat Tail, Fla. Ann's a good girl as well as a pretty and fascinating one, and someway she takes to the life of a farmer's wife as easily as she did to that of a dance hostess.*

THE FARJEONS LOOK BEFORE AND AFTER:

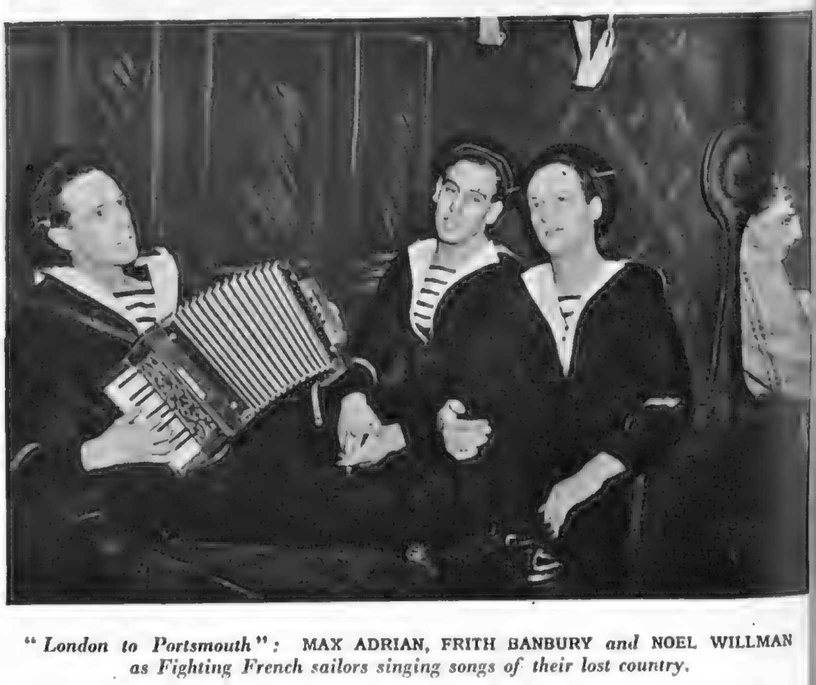
" The last bathe before the war " : JOANNA HORDER makes us pine for what is not, in a nostalgic number, " Echoes."

BETTY ANN DAVIES as a tough B.B.C. torch singer at the mike, giving " I 've got a Daddy."

Back to the legendary Edwardian era : " Progress 1909 "—the scene representing a Presentation to Blériot (FRITH BANBURY) for his daring Channel flight.



The surrealist scene : " My head hasn't come through this table. This table has come through my head," says NOEL WILLMAN.



" London to Portsmouth " : MAX ADRIAN, FRITH BANBURY and NOEL WILLMAN as Fighting French sailors singing songs of their lost country.

"LIGHT AND SHADE," the new revue by Herbert Farjeon, with assistance from Eleanor Farjeon, has just been produced at the Ambassadors. It contains bitingly satirical numbers, nostalgic pre-war songs and scenes, and some excursions into the far-away legendary past when to fly the Channel was an achievement worthy of a presentation. There are skits and sketches of to-day and yesterday, and, indeed, a mixture of gaiety and satire which deserves the title chosen for the show.

"LIGHT AND SHADE" WIT, NOSTALGIA AND SATIRE.

"T[illegible]castin' widows" : MEGS JENKINS, VIDA HOPE *and* MAX ADRIAN *in a successful Irish sketch.*

Burlesque of the B.B.C.: Ariel (FRITH BANBURY) *and the Muses, in "A Masque of Ariel."*

"Venus Surprised by Vulcan" in "Acquired by the Nation": an Old Master scene after Peter Paul Rubens, with VIDA HOPE *and* GEOFFREY DUNN.

The days that we hope will soon be gone: BETTY ANN DAVIES *as the determined shopper in "Queue."*

The days that are gone: BETTY ANN DAVIES *and* FRITH BANBURY *in "Party Piece," at the end of a pre-war party.*

MR. FARJEON has assembled an excellent team for his new revue, "Light and Shade." Betty Ann Davies is given plenty of well-contrasted material, which she puts over with *élan* and personality. She is first-rate, whether she is standing in a queue to buy she knows not what, imitating a fish in love, taking the part of a girl at a party, or a screaming vixen in a back street. Max Adrian, Frith Banbury and Noel Willman make an outstanding success in the scene which presents Fighting French sailors singing songs of their country as they travel from London to Portsmouth. [PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERTRAM PARK.]

Eddie Schultz (JACK LESTER), *"a flash yegg who played with death," makes advances to Anna Borg* (TUCKER McGUIRE), *a manicurist with 50,000-dollars-worth of information, by buying her a "John Collins."*

Miss Blandish (LINDEN TRAVERS), *débutante daughter of a Mid-West millionaire, is in the power of Slim Grisson* (ROBERT NEWTON), *degenerate, homicidal imbecile. She is in a semi-drugged state.*

Slim Grisson, the snatch racketeer, tortures and terrifies Miss Blandish by bringing her a horrible mask—as a present—and trying it on his own head.

David Fenner (HARTLEY POWER), *wise guy, crime reporter, and racket buster, promises John Blandish* (VERNON JON), *father of the victim, that he will find her at all costs.*

Fenner, having discovered that Anna knows something, threatens to burn Eddie's face unless she "spills the beans" and helps him to trace the lost Miss Blandish.

Doc (RICHARD CLARK), *discredited physician caught up in the Grisson mob, and Ma Grisson* (MARY CLARE), *boss of the murder machine, try and persuade Slim to liquidate Miss Blandish.*

"SNATCH RACKET": "NO ORCHIDS FOR MISS BLANDISH."

Right: Operations room at police headquarters: Dave Fenner (right) watches the progress of the chase of Slim's car as recorded by the moving lights on the official road-plan.

"NO ORCHIDS FOR MISS BLANDISH," at the Prince of Wales, is the stage version of James Hadley Chase's novel of the "snatch racket." It's a melodrama set in and around Kansas City during 1933. Miss Blandish is kidnapped by the evil Grisson gang. Slim, degenerate homicidal maniac, is attracted, and refuses to dispose of her when the gang find that Dave Fenner is after them. She is finally rescued.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

KIM KENDALL, for being over two yards of glamour.

Seventeen-years-old six-foot-two KIM KENDALL *studied ballet-dancing for six years under Mme. Lydia Kyasht, but she grew out of it, and now resigns herself to less ambitious stage dancing. Though so tall and still growing, Kim is as graceful as a lily. Her brother in the Merchant Navy is two inches taller, but she may catch up with him yet! Kim is descended from Captain Cook, and her grandmother, Marie Kendall, was famous on the old London music halls for her rendering of "Just Like the Ivy* [*Continued below.*

Continued.]
on the Old Garden Wall." Her mother was for some years a show-girl on Broadway; and her young sister Kay is appearing with her in "Gangway" at the London Palladium. The three top pictures show her (left) with two other rather shorter dancers of "Gangway"—ISABELLA GULL *and* EDNA HARVEY, *wearing an elaborate Late 'Nineties fashion; (right) with not-so-tall sister* KAY, *helping her to dress; and (centre) taking a bouquet from the Palladium page-boy.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"THE most versatile, perhaps, of contemporary novelists, Mr. L. A. G. Strong breaks new ground with every book he writes. Or, if the ground itself is not new, the crop he raises on it is always a different one. In his latest novel, "The Unpractised Heart," he explores, as he has explored before, the supersensory region of consciousness, the region in which the normal mind is held spellbound and half-paralysed by intimations and encroachments from an agency allied to but outside itself. In "Corporal Tune" he followed his hero's mental experiences up to the verge of dissolution and, if I remember right, beyond: it was a *tour-de-force*, unparalleled, perhaps, except in Tolstoy's "Master and Man" or "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch." And in other novels he has shown the same uncanny power of describing states of mind akin to madness. But in every case the derangement is only the exaggeration of a normal condition, designed to make us more sharply aware of the sanity from which it is a departure—just as we are never so conscious of health as when we have lost it in illness, or are regaining it in convalescence.

In a Groove. "The Unpractised Heart" differs from the author's other novels in this genre in one important particular: the chief character's "hallucinations" have no foundation in physical injury or in neurasthenia. A Civil Servant in the delightfully-named "Ministry of Discrimination," he has been slightly over-worked, but that is all. His trouble is psychic. Brought up by a devoted and dominating mother, he has slipped into a groove of comfortable bachelor routine—a groove so deep that the outside world, and particularly the female sex, are hardly visible from it. His secretary, Miss Jennings, watches over him with jealous care, but she means nothing to him except an additional bulwark against more vital experience, another aid to his temperamental escapism. Unknowingly, however, he has arrived at an impressionable age, and when Diana Baring presents herself in his room as a candidate for employment in his department she lets loose in him forces of whose existence he had no idea. We prepare for a love-story and we get it, but not the kind we expect. On her way home from the interview Diana is killed in a motor-accident.

Dramatically led up to and announced, this calamity shocks the reader: its effect on Christopher is quite overwhelming. From that moment begins his dream-life with Diana which, stripped of the competing interests of daily life, has an extraordinary intensity. Not only does she appear to him in sleep; heralded by a trance-like suspension of his ordinary faculties, she invades his waking moments. Trumping up a pretext to visit her home, he finds out more about her and lives as much in her life as in his own. Warnings follow that cannot be disregarded. A visit to a senile relation suggests that he, too, may be losing his reason; recovering from that shock, Christopher encounters another and more painful one: the face in the mirror, the face that Diana is in love with, is not his; it belongs to a much younger man. To whom, an accident enables him to find out, and his mental distress is increased a hundredfold. He has no one to confide in except his literary friend, Gumption, a man of violent language and aggressive manner, in every respect but one his antithesis. For Gumption, too, is denying his intuitions. He, too, is at odds with himself and more disastrously, as it turns out, than Christopher.

Contrasts. The catastrophe that restores Christopher to normality is ingeniously described, but is a little arbitrary. Rescuing a drowning girl, he is himself nearly drowned: literally, he suffers a sea-change. This is a novel of violent contrasts: on the one hand, we have Christopher's prosaic life in the office, and his holiday, equally prosaic but for its central incident, at the seaside; on the other his super-sensory experiences, described with a precision that satisfies the mind and a poetry that kindles the imagination. Mr. Strong has never written more beautifully, or shown a greater mastery over tenuous or intractable material, than he does in this book. But by avoiding fantasy and insisting on realism—"The Unpractised Heart" might, one imagines, give hints to a professional psychiatrist—he fails to achieve complete æsthetic unity.

Pleasant Places. Mr. Cecil Roberts is always a readable novelist, and sometimes he is more than merely readable. In his latest book, "One Small Candle," both these aspects of his work are represented. The story starts off well. Charles Woodfall has made a hit with a play: shall he make the drama his career or shall he keep his promise, pursue his medical studies, and eventually become his uncle's partner? The problem is solved too easily, perhaps, by the enormous pecuniary reward the play brought him and by the uncle's magnanimous refusal to make a horn in the dilemma; still the conflict is there and it is felt, and the next section of the book which, skipping Charles's experiences in Hollywood, relates his visit to his great-aunt in Florida, is both interesting and exciting. The tyrannical matriarch and her submissive and frustrated family are drawn with sureness and subtlety; the mystery of Henry Woodfall's disappearances and the adventure of the midnight aeroplane make one eager to turn the page. But with Charles's rather melodramatic and improbable expulsion from the island the story seems to lose its sense of direction and begin to drift. True, it drifts into very pleasant places: Venice, Vienna, a country house in Poland. Mr. Roberts is an accomplished traveller, with an unforgetting and nostalgic eye for the amenities and relaxations of foreign parts before the war swallowed them.

A Light Touch. But the love-interests which are the reason for Charles's migrations are less interesting than the migrations themselves. He is a prey to love: lyrically but hopelessly in love with his cousin, the American actress married to a consumptive Polish pianist, disastrously but all too successfully with the dancer who holds him in thrall in Venice. The lightness of touch which serves Mr. Roberts so well in describing a sunny scene proves inadequate when he has to demand from his instrument a more resonant note; and though there is plenty of strong stuff (including a shooting) in Charles's relations with both women, the sense of gravity that should accompany such emotions is absent. The story has a thread—Charles's devotion to his first love—but it lacks strength to bind the book together. Mr. Roberts, one feels, relies increasingly on his power to improvise, to paint a pretty scene or invent a character or an incident which carries on the action without deepening its content. The weapons he carries are, in this story, at any rate, too heavy for him to hold. What he gives us is a sketch for a novel, rather than a novel itself.

Merchant Adventurers. There have been many Merchant Adventurers in English history. The six of whom Mr. Maurice Collis writes confined their activities to the Old World and all but one operated in the Middle or Far East. Mungo Park, the exception, gave his time and eventually his life—his short life, for he died at the age of thirty-five—to tracing the course of the River Niger. He was 800 miles from its mouth when he was killed. A devout and charming man, who in the extremity of peril could wonder at "the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification," he deserved a happier end. And of his companions in this volume whose almost incredible courage and perseverance helped to make the British Empire, few lived to enjoy the reward of their exertions. Sir Thomas Raffles, Administrator of Java, was sued for a vast sum of money by the East India House that he had served so well; Clive, also the victim of ingratitude, died by his own hand. Mr. Collis gives the life-story of each, and his contribution to our national inheritance, in sketches which are models of brevity, and so romantic they read like fairy-stories.

Wearing the lace christening robe used by Queen Victoria for her children, PRINCE MICHAEL GEORGE CHARLES FRANKLIN *(to be known as Prince George), third child of* T.R.H. *the* DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF KENT, *was christened last week by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was born on July 4, American Independence Day, and President Roosevelt, after whom he has been called, is one of his godfathers. His elder brother,* PRINCE EDWARD, *is now nearly seven, and his sister* PRINCESS ALEXANDRA *will be six in December.*

A Streamlined Detective Story. "Murder Comes Back" belongs to the new type of American detective story, speedy, streamlined and sophisticated, full of strong language and strong liquor. It is a fair example of its type; the atmosphere, at once smart and shady, which surrounds the rich family of Ballinger is very well suggested, and the first half of the story is exciting. After that, it must be confessed, it goes off. Not that the plot collapses. The mystery is well maintained, but Miss Ashbrook combines it with a love-story, and the sentiment of this love-story is both inappropriate to the kind of book and unappetising in itself. We are asked wholeheartedly to sympathise with a heroine who, in order to shield a relation, not only impedes the action of the law but plots to send an innocent person to the electric chair. The fact that she is obeying the call of her heart apparently exonerates her from all blame. In spite of this, "Murder Comes Back" whiles away a vacant hour agreeably.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Unpractised Heart. By L. A. G. Strong. *(Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)*

One Small Candle. By Cecil Roberts. *(Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.)*

British Merchant Adventurers. By Maurice Collis. *Britain in Pictures Series. (Collins; 3s. 6d.)*

Murder Comes Back. By Harriette Ashbrook. *(Eyre and Spottiswoode; 7s. 6d.)*

CREAM OF GUNFLASHES' "PEACHES AND SCREAM."

MISS BELLA WEBB, *a munition worker, was Gunflashes' guest artist for their new show,* "PEACHES AND SCREAM."

BOMBARDIER JACK CARDEW, *the producer, in one of his numbers, with the beauty chorus dancing against a skyscraper background.*

"*Hats Off*" *is a lively number presented by* BOMBARDIER JACK CARDEW *and the chorus in the opening scene.*

"*Harem-Scarem.*" SERGEANT HICKS *(right) is offering* BELLA WEBB *to the Sultan* (GUNNER J. HUTTON).

"*The Boys Join the A.T.S.*", *with (l. to r.)* GUNNER B. HALE, BDR. D. WILLIAMS, L/BDR. T. CURTIS, L/BDR. COKER *and* BDR. H. PAGE.

GUNNERS JOHN HUTTON *and* BOMBARDIER REG. HICKS *as the girl bus conductors of* "*Fares Tease.*"

"GUNFLASHES," the well-known Royal Artillery Concert Party, recently launched a new show, "Peaches and Scream," well up to their standard, with plenty of humour, beauty and go in the programme.

MURDERERS' ROW.

VI.—MURDER OF AN UNDERTAKER.* By WINIFRED DUKE.

"NO, I 'll not put 'em on till the clock strikes eight. That there clock 's fast, anyway," reflected Mrs. Hugganbottom. The objects spread out over the bed, comprised a complete outfit for a widow. Another fifteen minutes and it 'd be over—over for good.

Mrs. Hugganbottom was the wife of a window-cleaner. At 8 a.m.—that is, within the next quarter of an hour—allowing for no tiresome hitch—she would be a widow. Of course, she knew plenty of widows, women who 'd lost their husbands in an air raid or an accident or through illness, but she had never come across a case like her own. At the present moment her husband was as alive as herself, but in another fifteen minutes he was bound to be dead—dead, because they were going to hang him, and directly the clock struck eight Mrs. Hugganbottom would be in a position to assume the grim habiliments on her bed. She regarded them affectionately. She must make up for the waste of the years when she 'd been tied to Harry Hugganbottom, and him carrying on with Mrs. Entwistle, the undertaker's wife across the way, and not stopping short at doing in Entwistle to get her. If he hadn't been found out, arrested, tried, condemned, and to-day executed, probably his wife would have been murdered too. Divorce wasn't for folks like them. It cost money, and made an awful lot of talk. Of course, the murder had caused plenty, pages in the newspapers, and gentlemen with fountain-pens and notebooks coming to interview her, but that was quite different. She 'd been paid, too, for telling the said gentlemen all about herself and Harry and those precious Entwistles, and though when she saw it all in print it hadn't read a bit like the things she 'd said, the cheque sent her was very substantial and reassuring. She 'd sell the window-cleaning business and move. Already there 'd been an offer for it, and after living with coffins and urns and monuments opposite to her for the last five years she 'd like something else by way of a change.

Five years, was it? Yes, they 'd moved to Eeles Crescent from Doddle Road five years next month, and the very first evening Mrs. Entwistle came over and asked if there was anything she could do to help. A good-looking piece, with a laugh that made all the men gape after her in the street, but Mrs. Hugganbottom hadn't trusted her: no, that she hadn't, from the start.

She found it difficult to remember when she first had her suspicions that things weren't O.K. They 'd got fairly friendly, she and Harry, with the Entwistles, having them to supper, or going there, and Harry and Entwistle had joined the same bowling club, and she and Mrs. Entwistle exchanged recipes and jumper patterns and went to the pictures pretty often, but she 'd never cared for her. For one thing, Harry was always going on about her, the way she looked so smart, and the hot dishes she turned out, and her saving Entwistle a clerk by keeping the books. A nasty, underhand business, the whole thing, Harry too much of a coward to come out into the open, and Entwistle never seeing the way that wife of his was going on with another woman's husband right under his nose. She used to wonder how it would end, but bless you, she 'd never thought of downright murder.

There was a passage, a horrid, dark, spooky sort of place, between Entwistle's undertaker's shop and the next block. It led through to a street running parallel with Eeles Crescent and was a short cut if you 'd anything to take you that way, but you 'd not get her down it alone after dark. Nobody knew what business Entwistle had there, his wife saying he 'd just gone out for a breath of air after the shop was shut, but he never came home, and early next morning a postman, coming through the alley, had stumbled across something which turned out to be a body. Yes, Entwistle had got himself murdered—stabbed—and been dead for hours, the doctors thought, and his pockets picked. The police came round to all the neighbours, and the questions they asked were downright cheek. She hadn't meant to say much, but they got it out of her that Mrs. Entwistle and Harry were too good friends for her liking, and though the woman had the brass to say it was the first she 'd heard of it, the police began to smell a rat. They wanted to know where Harry 'd been the night of the murder, and didn't swallow his story that he was playing darts at the Harp and Willow round the corner. The landlord and some of the customers said at the trial that he was there, but the barman saw him go out and come back again, and there was plenty of time for him to have nipped down the alley and done Entwistle's business. Robbing him was just a blind. Pretty soon he was arrested, and as he couldn't prove what was called an alibi, the jury said "Guilty" when they tried him, and the judge sentenced him to death. He 'd appealed, only it didn't do him any good, trying to make out the jury 'd been misdirected. The appeal was dismissed and the execution fixed for Tuesday week. Lummy! That was to-day, and the hands of that blinking clock pointed to ten minutes past eight. It must be all over. She 'd better get into her weeds.

She was trying on the hat and endeavouring to adjust the veil at the most becoming angle when she heard a knock on the door below. The shop was shut, of course, and very likely the caller would only be some nosey parker from a newspaper. For some seconds she debated whether she ought to go down, but ultimately the desire to display her widow's garb won the day. She rustled downstairs and unlocked the door. The drab street beyond was harsh and dusty in the spring sunshine. On the step stood another woman in mourning.

"Lor'!" ejaculated Mrs. Hugganbottom faintly. "Mrs. Entwistle!"

"I 've come to say I hope you 'll come over this evening. I thought we 'd have a bit of supper, and afterwards—well, I 've got something fixed up and I 'd like you to be there."

Mrs. Hugganbottom decided that she might as well accept. "Thank you. I 'll be very pleased," she answered.

"Six o'clock, then. Bye-bye." Mrs. Entwistle nodded and departed.

Mrs. Hugganbottom changed her mind about going out. She removed her new finery, settled herself on the bed, and five minutes later was fast asleep. It seemed to her as though a noise of someone knocking on the shop-door mingled confusedly with her dreams, but she paid no heed. Twice during the afternoon there was a ring, only she did not answer it.

At six o'clock she was dressed and ready. The street seemed quite empty, and Mrs. Hugganbottom gained Mrs. Entwistle's side door without being seen. Ugh! Fancy living over coffins day and night! She was admitted by her hostess and invited to come upstairs and take off her outdoor things. Mrs. Hugganbottom hoped for a compliment about the latter, but she was doomed to disappointment.

"I thought we 'd have supper," Mrs. Entwistle announced, "and then what do you say to a sayonce?"

"What 's that?"

"It 's French or something for a meeting to bring you in touch with someone that 's passed over," explained Mrs. Entwistle.

"Passed over where?"

"That 's just it. Wouldn't you like a message from your late husband?"

"I dunno." Mrs. Hugganbottom spoke uneasily.

"Well, I 've got a lady coming that 's called a meejum. She 'll go into a trance and your late husband will speak through her."

"I 'm not too keen, thank you, Mrs. Entwistle. Look at Saul and that there Witch of Endor."

"This ain't witchcraft. It 's genuine. She 's been here before—Miss McCarthy, the meejum, I mean—and I got a wonderful message from Mr. Entwistle. He says where he is the roses are a treat, and a beautiful angel is teaching him to play the harp."

Mrs. Hugganbottom wavered. After all, it might be interesting.

"I 've made a beefsteak pie," Mrs. Entwistle remarked.

The pie turned out to be all that its tantalising odours promised, but Mrs. Hugganbottom could not do justice to it. Her thoughts kept straying to the coming experiment. Would Harry say anything about how he 'd done the Murder? Would he try to make love to Mrs. Entwistle under his widow's nose, so to speak? Her curiosity drove her to acquiesce.

"I thought we 'd hold our sayonce in the shop."

"Not—not with all them coffins?" faltered Mrs. Hugganbottom.

"Why not? It 's very suitable, when you come to think of it. There 's Miss McCarthy now."

Mrs. Hugganbottom disliked extremely the setting for the séance. The shop was in darkness, lights disturbing the spirits, Miss McCarthy, a thin girl in magenta velveteen, explained. The three women placed themselves round a coffin, as that would do as well as a table, Mrs. Entwistle thought, and linked hands.

"The vibrations," hissed Mrs. Entwistle. "Miss McCarthy 's in a trance. We 'll get a message through her in a few minures."

After an interval had elapsed, which to Mrs. Hugganbottom seemed like several hours, the "meejum" commenced to gasp and groan. Mrs. Entwistle, apparently aware of the correct procedure on these occasions, inquired whether a spirit were present. The answer being in the affirmative, she asked further if it desired to speak to anybody. Yes? Then would it try to give a message?

"Bertha!" croaked the medium.

"Why, that 's me," panted Mrs. Hugganbottom.

"Ask who 's speaking," advised Mrs. Entwistle.

"I daren't. Oh, well. . . . Whoever you are, if there 's a message of some kind, cough it up."

"I 'm Harry," announced a voice.

"But you 're dead," objected the widow.

"That 's right. Hanged this morning. I feel happy. Don't worry."

At the same moment a thunderous knocking sounded on the door.

"Bother 'em! Who 'll that be?" grumbled Mrs. Entwistle.

She returned, accompanied by a large policeman. The latter, it appeared, was in quest of Mrs. Hugganbottom. He 'd called three times at her house during the day, but received no reply, and as somebody had seen her going into Mrs. Entwistle's, he came over and was sorry to disturb her.

"It 's all right. What do you want?"

P.C. Cumberbatch cleared his throat. "Your husband, Ma'am——"

"My late husband," corrected Mrs. Hugganbottom.

"Beg pardon, Ma'am, but that 's just what he ain't. He 's been reprieved. Another man 's confessed to the murder, a sailor. The execution 's put off, and as soon as this chap 's confession can be substantiated you 'll be having him home."

"But I don't want him!" shrieked Mrs. Hugganbottom. "You mean to say I 'm not a widow and that beautiful mourning 's wasted?"

"Perhaps this other lady 'll buy it from you," suggested the constable. "If she 's Mrs. Entwistle, she 's a widow all right." [THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

By Appointment

A GRAND SPIRIT

The more you know about Scotch Whisky the more certain it is that "Black & White" will be your choice. This **grand spirit** has a flavour and quality beyond compare.

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"

WOMEN IN WARTIME

GREENLAND SEAL COATS

PRINT DINNER FROCKS

SIMPLE FELT HATS

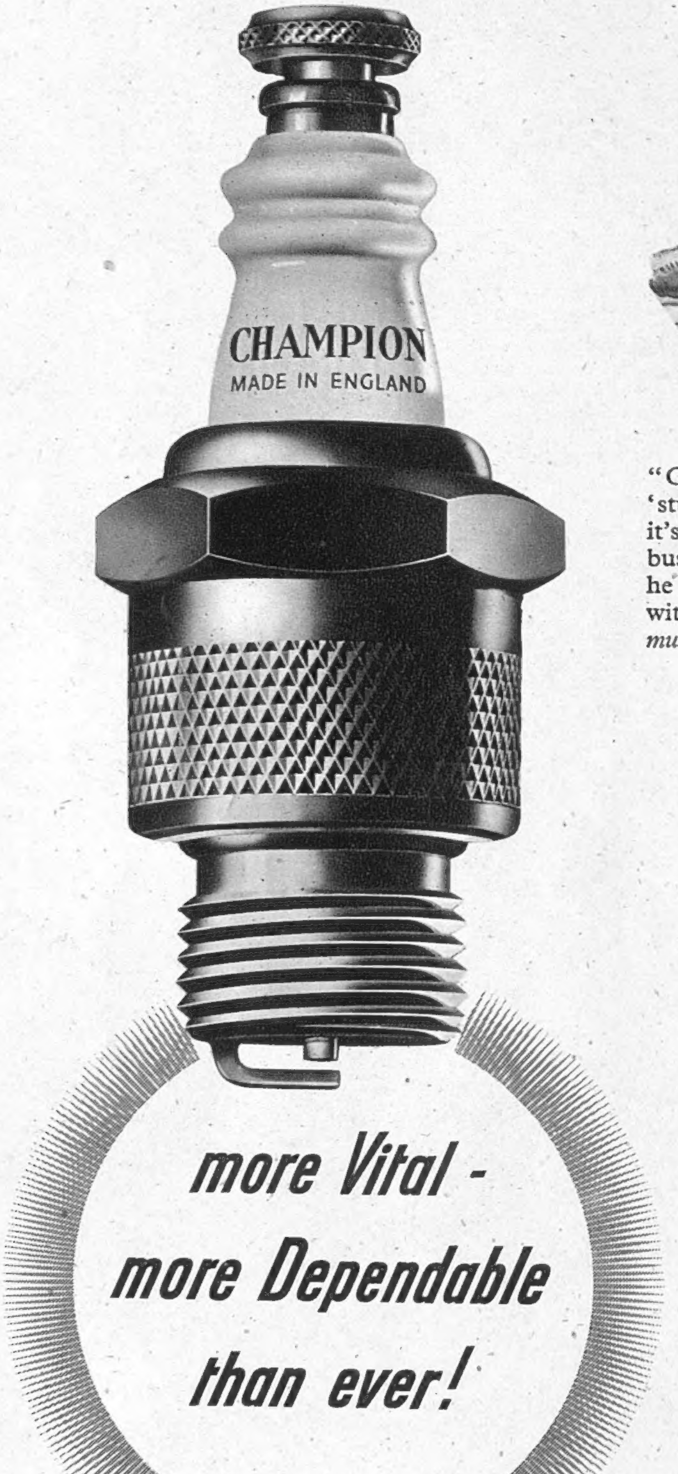
ALREADY women are thinking how pleasant it will be to spend their next coupons. They appreciate the fact that it will be wise to lay out a certain number in hard-wearing furs. For these they must go to Percy Vickery's, 245, Regent Street. It is in his salons that the Greenland seal coat, pictured above, may be seen, and as will be noticed, it is a short-hair pelt, lovely verdigris shades being present in it. For other coats a toll has been levied on the skin of the Chinese cat—it is a lovely golden shade. Ponyskin is perhaps the best wearing of all and it is used for boleros and short coats, also ocelot. Skunk opossum is a new recruit; although inexpensive, it has the appearance of the former. Very decorative are the abbreviated natural lynx coats.

THERE is something very flattering to the older woman about the hats at Woollands, Knightsbridge, especially those carried out in felt; the needs of the younger woman have not been overlooked. The hat above is made of soft felt, the simple fan-shaped *motif* increasing its charm. It will be noticed that it sets well down on the head, the brim casting becoming shadows across the face. Other models have their crowns encircled with ribbon, a large bow of the same appearing in front.

A VISIT to Jays, Regent Street, Inexpensive Department on the second floor will convince all and sundry that with care wonderful value for money and coupons may be obtained. This firm is responsible for the slip-on dress pictured above. The scheme is completed with a becoming coatee, but the dress looks equally well when this accessory is removed. The entire ensemble is carried out in marine blue and white crêpe. And then comes a surprise. This firm is specialising in print dinner frocks; the colour schemes and designs are so beautiful that it seems almost impossible to believe the material is print. Here again the coatee is introduced, accompanied with a blouse top which, of course, may be varied from time to time.

SODA

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUGS



"Guv'nor tells me he passed three cars 'stumped' on the hill—though, mind you, it's bad going. He's never late on his old bus . . . . says it's them Champion Plugs he uses . . . . swears they'd get him home without an engine at all . . . . 'Champions' *must* be champion, no mistake."

It takes land-work to show how incredibly Champion Plugs boost-up power, especially when you change to Champions from others. Properly cared for, Champions mean higher efficiency, lower cost. National needs are our first consideration, so be considerate if you have any immediate difficulty in getting supplies.

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An exclusive and unique feature of Champion Plugs is the Sillment Seal. Sillment is a dry powder which, when compressed, forms a perfect seal against troublesome leakage common to ordinary plugs.

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